blast, but now a thousand throats throw out their musical cadences to welcome the return of Spring.

"And see where surly winter passes off
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts;
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The scattered forests, and the raging vale,
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
And mountains lift their green heads to the skies."

The young grass shoots its tender blades, and affords delicious food for the new-born lambs, the clear rivulet again flows for their refreshment.

"O lovely Spring—when I behold
The light thy gentle eyes unfold,
First waking from thy sleep,
With all the treasures thou dost bear,
While from thy folds of braided hair
The infant flow'rets peep.

"When from the hill, the glen, the lawn,
Chill winter's icy veil withdrawn—
Uprise in myriads gay,
Fresh buds of every scent and bloom,
While birds their choral strains resume—
To hail the new-born day.

"Then with what joy at morn I rise,
To view the blush of early skies
Light up the mingled scene;
The city spire—and lofty dome,
The vast domain—the cottage home,
But most the woodland green.

"Where thou, young spring! dost lend thy fair
—Thy opening blossoms, 'till the air
Of genial summer glow,
When sunbeams o'er the embryo fruit
Shall bid each germ luxuriant shoot,
And richer gifts bestow.

"Without thee—Nature—pale,—bedew'd
With sorrow's tears—in silence strew'd
Her wither'd leaves around—
Memorials of sweet vanished hours,
When, cheer'd with smiles and crown'd with flow'rs,
She stray'd o'er fairy ground.

"Thus is the cheerless spirit, dark—
And o'er its clouds no gladd'ning spark
Of hope, can joy relume,
When from some garland bright with dews,
Death plucks a cherish'd flower, and strews
Its leaflets on the tomb.

"Death—that tears not the withering bough,
Whose joyous tints had ceas'd to glow
But chills with icy spell
The bud whose gay perennial smile,
Could the deluded heart beguile,
To trust—to love—too well!

"Weep not the blighted flow'ret's bloom;
Though fled the light—the sweet perfume
That cheer'd life's twilight even,—
A brighter spring new grace bestows,
And paints it with each ray that glows
In Eden's sun-bright heaven.

"See spring unwreaths fair nature's breast!—
Then—mourner—on thy gloomy vest